Bul. My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps
Eſteeme a foyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make, †
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſites,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee foorth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds Muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure, or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mockes at it and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

† These lines are found in the 1st & 2nd Edition but omitted in the fourth.

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